Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 6. PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1839. NUMBER 39.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

G. W. MILLETT.

TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance. One dollar & seventy-five cents at the end of 6 months. Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at e option of the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, the proprietor not being accountable for any error in any Advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.

COMMUNICATIONS, and LETTERS on business must be addressed to the publisher; *Post-paid.*

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE MOB-CAP.

OR MY GRANDMOTHER'S TRUNK.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

It was past midnight, and the moon had gone down when the stage stopped at Edward Stanley's lodgings, who was about to visit his village home. The lamps threw a strong glare on the pavements, but the interior of the vehicle was in such deep shade, he could but imperfectly distinguish his fellow travellers. He observed however, that several young gentleman occupied the front, and middle seats, while an old woman muffled in a cloak, sat alone on the back one. She turned her head sharply round as he entered, and the light glimmering under her large hood was brightly reflected from a pair of spectacles of such spacious dimensions, they seemed to cover her whole face, or at least all the face that was vissible through the wide plated border of a mob-cap. Edward took the only vacant seat in the stage at her side, with a very respectful bow, which was received with something between a hem and a cough, a sound diverting in itself and rendered still more so, by its echo from the opposite seat; for the young gentlemen seemed determined to derive all the amusement possible from their antiquated companion. Edward had a convival spirit, but he had too deep a reverence for age ever to make it a subject of mirth. It was in itself a sufficient guarantee of veneration, even when unaccompanied by those traits which impart a beauty to the faded brow, and to the hoary head a crown of glory. The recollection of his own grandmother, too, who had died since his absence from home—one of those fine, dignified relics of the majestic simplicity of olden time, which remind one so forcibly of the degeneracy of modern days—gave a tenderness to his manners, in addressing an aged person, which was peculiarly engaging in the present instance, from the effect of contrast:

'Take care, grandmother,' said the young man opposite, as the stage jolted over a huge stone, 'take care of your spectacles. We shall upset, now, depend upon it.'

'No thanks to you if we don't,' cried she muttering, in the indistinct accents of age.—Then turning towards Edward, she continued —'It is really refreshing to see a well behaved decent young gentleman, after enduring the impertinence of these dandies and jackanapes.—Never mind, you may laugh now, as loud as you please; but if you live you will be old yourselves, one of these days.'

She put her hand into her pocket, which seemed unfathomable in depth, and drawing out a snuff-box, after rapping it several times she, presented it to Edward, who was obliged from politeness to take a pinch, and all the passengers petitioning for a similar favor, a sneezing concert commenced, in which the old lady herself acted the most sonorous part. After the mirth occasioned by this chorus had subsided, she dropped her box into her pocket, and it sunk like a pebble descending into a vault. Edward began to enjoy his journey exceedingly: he never felt disposed to sleep in a stage coach, and the old lady declared her self of the same temperament, though he gallantly offered his shoulder as a pillow, to the great amusement of the others, who were ere long nodding their heads to and fro, occasionally striking their heads against each other, or reclining backwards in more unsocial attitudes. Edward and his muffled companion fell into the most familiar and agreeable conversation. She seemed very shrewd and orginal in her remarks and, and exercised the privilege of age in inquiring his name, the place of his residence, &c.

'Ah,' said she, 'I knew you had a mother and sisters—or a sister whom you loved from your kindness to me, an old woman, and a stranger. Heaven be blessed for the influence of gentle ones on the heart of man. And you are going to the village of ———. Do you know any thing of the widow Clifton, daughter of Squire Lee, who lives somewhere in these parts?'

'Not personally—but report says she is such a gay, dashing character, I suspect she will find herself very much out of place in a sober country town. I hear, through my sister, that she is to take possession of her late father's dwelling, which has been fitted up for her accommodation in quite a princely style. You speak as if you knew her, Madam?'

'Yes, for I was a great friend to her Grandmother, a fine old lady as ever lived, a thousand times handsomer than Gertrude—but very likely you may not agree with me. Young eyes see differently from old ones.'

'Is she young?' asked Edward.

'Yes; she is scarcely twenty, for she married, poor thing, at a very early age, and was left a widow soon after. She has need of more discretion than she has now, or ever will have.'

'I should like to see this gay young widow,' said Edward, musingly, the vision of a pair of heavenly blue eyes that he *had seen* stealing softly before him, 'but it is not likely that we shall become acquainted, for my mother and sister live very retired, and when I am at home I devote myself to them.'

It was surprising in what confidential terms he was addressing his new acquaintance, and how entirely he forgot to ask her name and residence, though he had so freely imparted his own.

As the morning air came chill and dewy over the hill, she drew her cloak more closely round her, pulled down her hood, and seemed drowsy and silent. Enward was not sorry to be left awhile to his own reflection. He thought of the mild eyes of his mother, at that very moment, perhaps turned towards the window anxiously watching his coming, of the more eager anticipations of his only sister, and more than all, he thought upon 'the witching smile that caught his youthful fancy.'

He was roused from his reveries by the sudden stopping of the stage, and he found he was to be separated from his ancient friend. Jumping out with as much alacrity as if he were in attendance on youth and beauty, he assisted her as she descended with slow and difficult steps, and opening the gate for her to pass, gave her a cordial and respectful farewell.

'I shall not soon forget you, young gentleman,' said she, holding out her tremulous hand, 'and if the time ever comes when I can serve you, you will find the aged can remember the kindness of youth.'

Resuming his seat, his thoughts winged their way towards the home he was now rapidly approaching. In two or three hours he began to distinguish the trees familiar to his boyhood.—A little further, a majestic elm stretched its lordly branches over the street, that passed it on either side, the landmark of his school-day pastimes. Then a white house glimmered through the green foilage that overshadowed it, —and a moment more, Edward was in the arms of his mother, with his sister clinging around his neck. An only son and brother, returned, after twelve months' absence, to beings whose best affections were garnered in him, might reasonably call forth very warm and joyous emotions. A shade however passed over their brows, as the saddened glance of Edward rested on the easy chair, where he had last beheld that venerable form, with placid brows, crowned with living silver, now laid low in the dust —and they all *remembered the dead.*

A year's residence in the heart of a city, would naturally produce some change in a young man, as yet only in the morning of manhood, and as Clara's admiring eyes ran over the face and figure of her brother, she blushed at her own rusticity. There was an indescribable something in his air and manner, that told he had been in a region different from her own, and a shadow of awe began to steal over the deep love she felt for him. Mrs Stanley, whose chastened and pious thoughts were dwelling on the inner man, rejoiced that his heart remained unchilled, during his intercourse with the world, for the fountain of filial tenderness was still full and gushed over.

Edward Stanley was poor—that is, he had only his own unborn energies to carry him through the world. He had just completed his studies as a lawyer, having finished his last year with one of the most distinguished members of the bar, a friend of his late father, who, though he died poor in one sense of the word, was rich in the good opinions of his fellow men. Edward was resolved it should prove a year of probation, and adhered to his determination not to suffer even the holiest interests of nature to turn him aside from his steadfast course. The trial past—he was admitted to the bar—and now felt privileged to rest and refresh himself for a while at the well-springs of the heart.

The evening, as he looked abroad and saw the moon sending down such rills of light thro' the deep shades of the landscape, he thought how beautiful Fanny Morton had looked, when she stood a year ago, in the midst of such silver waves and he longed to know how she would look then, standing in the self-same moonbeams. The wish was easily accomplished, for her father's house was not but a short distance from his own, and he soon found himself near the threshhold. The house was situated a little retired from the street, and the path which led to it was soft and grassy, lying too in thick shadow, as his approach was not preceived. There she stood, almost in the same attitude, leaning against the door, looking upwards with eyes so deeply beautifully blue, they seem to have borrowed the color from the night heaven to which their gaze was directed. Her fair flaxen hair glittered in the moonlight with a golden lustre, brightly contrasting with the pure whiteness of a brow, the serenity of youth and innocencee was now softly reposing.

'Fanny!' said Edward, emerging from the shadow; and she sprang forward at the well-known voice, with a bounding step and a joyous smile.

'Edward, I am *so* glad you are come.'

Her manner was so frank and affectionate, it relieved him from the agitation he felt in addressing her. Perhaps he felt a disappointment in meeting her childish expression of pleasure, instead of the deep silence of joy, for it is certain the romance of his feelings considerably subsided, and he uttered some common-place sayings, instead of the high-wrought sentiments in which he had been indulging. He had never told Fanny in so many words that he loved her, but they had lived in almost daily interchange of offices prompted by affection. In absence he had blended her image with every memory of the past and every hope of the future, and now in her presence, he acknowledged that she was fairer and lovelier than even the visions his fancy had drawn. The people of the village seeing Fanny again the constant companion of Edward and Clara Stanley, as in former times, prophesied a speedy union, though they dwelt on the excessive imprudence of the match, as they were both too poor to think of marrying, and many declared Fanny to be nothing better than a piece of painted wax-work, fit only to be looked at and admired.

They were returning one evening, about sunset, from a walk in the woodland. Fanny was literally covered with garlands, which Edward and Clary had woven, and with her straw hat swinging in her hand, and her fair locks unbound, she formed the most picturesque feature of a landscape, then rich in all the glories of summer. They turned aside from the path, for the trampling of horses' feet were behind them.

'Look, brother, look!' exclaimed Clara, as a lady, in company with two gentlemen, rode gaily by. She was dressed in green. Her long riding dress swept far below her feet, and waving feathers of the same colour mingled with the folds of a veil that floated lightly on the breeze. She turned and looked earnestly at Fanny, who, blushing at her fantastic appearance, drew behind Clara, when the veil of the stranger suddenly lossened, and fluttering fell at Edward's feet. Never was a fairer opening for gallantry. The lady checked her spirited horse, and bending gracefully forward received the veil from the hand of Edward with a smile and a bow that would have repaid any man for a greater exertion. Her complexion was dark, but richly colored with the warm hues of exercise and health; and when she smiled, her eyes were so brilliantly black, and teeth so glitteringly white, that Clara could talk of nothing else for an hour after reached home—and Edward caught himself wondering several times, who the lady of the green plumes could be.

'Yes,' said he, suddingly, when he saw at night, lights gleaming from the windows of the great white house on the hill—'it must be Mrs. Clifton, the dashing widow.'

And Mrs. Clifton it proved to be, whose arrival caused no slight sensation in this quiet village. Edward and Fanny were quite forgotten in the superior claims of one who, though among them, was not of them. One represented her as proud as Lucifer, sweeping through the streets, with her officer-like cap and feathers —another, as a lioness, leaping her horse over hedges and walls. Some represented her as dark as an Ethiopian, terrible and grand—and others, as beautiful as an angel, and blithe as a wood nymph. Meanwhile the unconscious object of these contradictory and mostly invidious remarks, continued her ride over hill and dale with unwearied activity, and sometimes she appeared in a splendid carriage, with a footman, who was said to be dressed in livery, though he wore a suit of sober grey.

What was the astonishment of Clara Stanley when she saw one morning this splendid carriage stop at her own door, and Mrs. Clifton herself descend from it? Clara's next feeling was deep mortification; for both her mother and herself were dressed in plain calico morning frocks, and the room was in a state of particular disorder, for she was occupied in cutting and arranging work, and her brother had covered the table with papers he was about to examine.

'Oh,' Edward!' cried Clara, 'if there's not Mrs. Clifton; what shall we do?'

'Do!' said he, laughing and starting up eagerly—'Why ask her to come in;' and with an ease and self-possession that almost provoked the mortified Clara, he met this startling visitor at the threshold.

She introduced herself with so much grace and politeness, and fell into conversation so rapidly and simply, apologizing for what she feared might be deemed an intrusion, but expressing an earnest wish to become acquainted with neighbors in whose society she anticipated so much pleasure, so naturally and sincerely, that Clara's burning cheeks began to cool, and her confused senses to be sufficiently collected to appreciate so signal an honor. Mrs. Stanley was too truly refined and well-bred to share in her daughter's embarrassment. She was not ashamed of the simplicity of their dress, and she did not look upon the proofs of Clara's industry and Edward's literature scattered about the room, as at all disgraceful. Moreover, she was very proud of her son, and thought she had never seen him appear to such advantage as at this moment when engaged in animated conversation with this graceful and charming lady. Mrs. Clifton admired the garden, the vines that made such fairy lattice-work around the windows, the pictures that hung upon the walls, till every thing around her became exalted in Clara's eyes, with charms unknown before.—When she rose to depart, she urged Mrs. Stanley so warmly to visit her, and to suffer her to see more of Clara, it was impossible not to believe she was soliciting a favor. She was so lonely she said—the friends who had accompanied her were returned, and she had nothing but her books and harp for companions. Her harp! Clara was crazy to hear a harp. The very idea carried her at once into the fairy land of romance, of Ossian's heroines and Milton's angels.

'Is she not the most charming woman you ever saw in your life?' exclaimed Clara, the moment she had left them. 'I quite forgot my calico frock and these linen shreds, long before she was gone. Did you ever see any one so polite and condescending? I wonder how she came to select *us*, from all the village, to call upon,' and she smiled at the importance it would give them in the eyes of their neighbors.

'I am not so much surprised,' said Mrs Stanley, 'as her father and yours were on intimate terms, and it is probable she had taken pains to ascertain his friends. She had just married when Mr. Lee came into the country, and as she went immediately abroad, she never visited the place during her father's life. She married very young, and I think I have heard she was not happy in the union. She certainly does not seem inconsolable at her husband's death.'

'Is she not delightful, brother?' continued Clara, in a perfect fever of admiration. 'Did you ever see such eyes and teeth? and though she is dark, her complexion is so glowing and clear, I don't think she would look as handsome if she were fairer. I wonder if she will marry again?'

'You wonder at so many things,' replied Edward, laughing; 'you must live in a perpetual state of astonishment. But I do think Clara, that Mrs Clifton is very delightful and very charming and graceful, and I hope my dear little rustic sister, will try to imitate her graces.'

Edward would never have breathed this unfortunate wish, had he anticipated how faithfully poor Clara would have obeyed his injunction.

The visit was soon returned, and if Clara admired her new friend before, she was now completely fascinated. She 'saw the white rising of her hands upon the harp,' and heard the mellow tones of a voice tuned to the sweetest modulation of art. The rich furniture, the superb curtains, the paintings in massy gilt frames seemed to her unaccustomed eye, equal to oriental splendour, and Mrs. Clifton some Eastern enchantress, presiding over the scene, with more than magic power. Edward Stanley was passionately fond of music. He had never heard it in such perfection. But there was a charm in Mrs. Clifton's conversation even superior to her music. It was full of spirit, sensibility, enthusiasm and refinement. Then its perfect adaptedness to all around her!—Every one talked better with her than with any one else, and felt when they quitted her society, that they had never been so agreeable before; confessing at the same time, that they had never met with any one half so pleasing as herself. She certainly did flatter a little, that is she told very pleasant truths, with a most bewitching smile, and another thing, which perhaps was the great secret of her attraction, she seemed completely to forget herself, in her interest for those around her.

It is very certain Mrs. Stanley's family thought more of their new neighbor that night than their old ones. Even Edward forgot to dream of the blue eyes of Fanny Morton. His conscience reproached him for the oblivion, and when he saw the unenvying interest with which she listened to Clara's praises of the dashing widow, as she was called by the villagers, he admired the sweetness and simplicity of a character, pure as the untracked snow. He admired, but for the first time he felt a want in this sweet character. He had never discovered before, that Fanny was deficient in sensibility, that the shadows of feeling, seldom passed over her celestial countenance. He found too a dearth of thought & variety in her conversation of which he had never been sensible before.—A pang of self-accusation shot through his heart, as he made these discoveries, and feeling as if he were guilty of injustice, his attentions became still less frequent and he tried to restrain his restless and wandering thoughts.

Clara sat one morning in a deep reverie.—'Mother,' said she, at length, 'do you remember that full crimson damask petticoat, grandmother left me, as a memento of old times?'

'Yes,' answered Mrs. Stanley, surprised at the suddenness of the question—'why do you ask?'

'I was thinking it would make some beautiful window curtains for our parlor. The sun shines in so warm it is really uncomfortable to sit there, and the reflection of real curtains is very beautifying to the complexion.'

'Ah! Clara,' cried her brother 'you never discovered it was, till you saw Mrs. Clifton's fine curtains. You forget the blinds and the vines and the rose bushes. Pray have more reverence for dear grandmother's ancient relics.'

Clara blushed and was considerably disconcerted, but nevertheless continued her dreams of improvement. Her latent love for show and splendor began to glimmer forth and to illuminate many an airy castle, she amused herself in building. To imitate Mrs. Clifton was now the end and aim of her existence. She practised her step, her air, her smile, before the looking glass, in her own chamber, till from a very simple and unfected girl, she became conspicuously the reverse. She strung every window with Æolian harps and, tried to sing in unison, when the wild winds swept the chords —but they disdained the harmony of the human voice and mocked at her efforts. Edward felt quite distressed at an effect so contrary to his wishes, but he concealed his chagrin under a good humored ridicule, which somewhat checked her progress in the graces. Once, when they were to accompany Mrs. Clifton in an excursion on horseback, and the lady arrayed in her suit of forest green, was already waiting their motion, he knew not whether he was most amused or grieved, to see Clara descend in a dress of the same color, in which the imitation was too obvious and too defective not to border on the ridiculous, with a green veil wreathed around the crown of her bonnet, and suffered to stream back behind, in the form of a feather or plume. Though the affection of her brother would not allow him to wound her feelings, by making her fully aware of the extent of her folly and he chose rather gently to lead her back to true simplicity and good sense, she did not escape a severer lash from those who envied her the distinction of Mrs. Clifton's acquaintance and who revenged themselves on her damask curtains, Æolian harps, and new-born airs. Her present ambition was to posses a gold chain, an ornament she deemed indispensable to the perfection of lady dress. She did not aspire to so magnificent a one as wreathed the graceful neck of Mrs. Clifton, but she thought she would be perfectly happy with one of far inferior value surrounding her own. She had a long string of large gold beads a parting gift from her sainted grandmother, an ornament too obsolete for wear, and which she had often sighed to convert into modern jewelry. An opportunity occurred, at the very moment of all others, she most desired it. Mrs. Clifton was to give a party. The day before the event, Clara was examining her simple wardrobe, trying to decide on the important articles of dress, and mourning over her slender stock of finery, when a pedlar stopped at the door, with a trunk filled with jewelry and trinkets. He spread them before her admiring eyes, and when she hesitated and regretted—he offered to take any old ornaments in exchange, holding up at the same time a glittering chain the very article, for which her vitiated fancy was yearning. The temptation was irresistable and unfortunately she was alone. She flew to her little trunk of treasures, drew out her grandmother's beaks, and the pedlar's eyes brightened he saw the pure, rich, old fashioned gold, knowing their superior value to his own gilded trifles.

'Will you exchange that chain for these?' said she in a faltering voice, for in spite of her vain desire, the very act seemed sacrilege to her conscience.

'That would not be an even bargain,' he replied, and it was true—for the chain was nothing but brass, thinly washed with gold. Clara hung down her head. In proportion to the difficulty of obtaining the bauble, her longing increased.

'That is a very pretty little trunk,' cried the pedlar, 'it would be very convenient to hold my jewels. If you will throw that in, we will strike a bargain.'

Now the trunk was not Clara's. It belonged to her brother. It was the last keepsake bequeathed to him by this same good grandmother, whose legacies of love, Clara was converting to purposes of vanity and pride. There was a letter in it, directed to him, with a clause on the envelope, that he was not to open it till he was of age, unless he should find himself in some emergency, and especially in need of counsel. The old lady was supposed to possess considerable property, and it was also believed that Edward would be her heir. On her death, however, these expectations proved vain, and her grandson did not honor her memory the less because he was not enriched by her loss. He took the letter as a sacred bequest, wondering much at the singular injunction, and told Clara to keep the trunk for him, as it was of no use to him and she would preserve it with more care. Clara knew it was only entrusted to her keeping; and she turned pale at the thought of betraying a brother's trust; but she repeated to herself it was of no possible use to him, that he would probably never enquire for it, and it could never hurt her dear grand mother's feelings, who was sleeping cold beneath the clods of the valley. It was a thing too of so little consequence—and the chain was so beautiful. She emptied the trunk of its contents, gave it hastily into the pedlar's hands, with the beads which had remained on her grandmother's neck till she died, and gathering up the chain, felt—instead of the joy of triumph—self upbraiding

and shame. She would have recalled the act but it was too late—the pedlar was gone. So poor is the gratification of vanity—but the bitter consequences of a deviation from rectitude she was yet to experience.

When arrayed for the party, she put a shawl carefully round her neck, before she made her appearance, to conceal her ill-gotton splendor, but the consciousness of having something to hide from the affectionate eyes that were bent upon her, gave a disturbed and anxious expression to her countenance that did not escape the observation of her brother; and when she saw Fanny in the unadorned simplicity of her own loveliness, she secretly loathed the acquisition for which she had sacrificed her principles of right.

'Let me see you, Clara, before you start,' said Mrs. Stanley, and she added smiling—'I hope you have not tried to look too well.'

'Oh pray, mother, take care,' shrinking from the dreaded hand that touched her shawl; 'it will tumble my dress to take it off now. It is only my plain muslin frock,'—and hurrying away, with blushes and trepidation, she felt that her punishment was begun.

Arrived at Mrs. Clifton's—she became still more dissatisfied, when she saw their elegant hostess, dressed in the simplest attire, consistent with fashion and taste, with no ornment, but a cluster of roses, wreathed amidst locks of gypsy blackness and oriental redundance. Her piercing eyes rested a moment on the beautiful Fanny, then flashed towards Edward, with a very peculiar expression. He understood their meaning, and an undefinable sensation of pain and displeasure oppressed him. Mrs. Clifton was too polite to confine her attentions to those she most wished to distinguish, but moved amongst her guests, endeavoring as far as possible, to adapt herself to their different capacities and tastes. She had invited her father's friends, wishing extremely to make them her own, and to convince them that she valued their sympathy and good will.

'You seem dispirited this evening, Mr Stanly' said she as Edward, unusually silent, stood leaning against the harp, from which he had more than once, heard such thrilling music.—'Perhaps I ought to say pre-occupied. It may be wise to abstract the mind in the midst of a throng, but I am afraid it is rather selfish.'

'I should think the wisdom consisted in the subject of the abstraction,' replied Edward, 'and I believe I am as unwise as I am selfish.'

'I do not think so,' said Mrs. Clifton, and she looked at Fanny, whose serene countenance was beaming from the opposite side of the room. 'Beauty whether the subject of abstraction or contemplation fills the mind with the most delightful ideas and elevates it by the conviction that the hand that *made it is divine*. I do not agree with the moralist who would degrade it as a vain and valueless possession. The woman who possesses it, may exercise a boundless influence over the heart of man, and if exerted aright, how glorious would be the result! Often and often have I sighed for the celestial gift—yet, perhaps, I should be neither better nor happier.'

'You,' exclamed Edward.

It was but a monosyllable, but the most labored panegyric could not have been half so expressive. The clear olive of Mrs. Clifton's cheek was colored with a brighter hue, as she laughingly resumed—'I did not solicit a compliment but its brevity recommends yours. I know I am not handsome. I cannot be it beauty depends upon lillies and roses. In the gay and heartless world I have learned to shine as others do, and have tried to be as artificial—but my nature is rebellious—to the rules of art.—My life has been passed much with strangers. You, Mr Stanley, surrounded as you are, by all the sweet charities of home, living in its warm and sunny atmosphere, you do not know the coldness and the loneliness of the brotherless and sisterless heart."

She spoke in a tone of deep feeling and cast down her eyes with a deep expression of profound melancholy. Edward did not attempt to reply. He could not embody the new and overpowering emotions that were filling his soul and he would not utter the common-place language of admiration. He felt like a man who had all his life been walking in darkness, and a dream had all at once awakened in a blaze of light. Several now gather round Mrs Clifton entreating her to play; and Edward availed himself of the opportunity of drawing back, where he could listen, unseen by her, to the melodious songstress of the hour. He looked at Fanny, who was now near the instrument and compared the calm feeling of happiness he had enjoyed in her society, to the tumultuous tide that was now rushing through his heart.

'I have loved Fanny like a brother,' thought he, 'ignorant of a deeper passion. And now I am a man and a fool,——

A hand was laid upon his arm. 'Brother, are you not well? You look pale to-night,'

Clara was looking anxiously in his face, and he saw that her own was flushed with excitement.

'Yes, Clara, I am well—but what has disturbed you? Indeed I noticed before we left home that something seemed to weigh upon your spirits. Tell me the cause?"

He drew her hand affectionately through his arm, and for the first time noticed her new ornament.

'It is not the weight of this new chain that oppresses you,' said he, lifting it from her neck—'though it does feel rather magnificent. You have never showed me this new gift of yours. Who could have been the donor?' and he thought of Mrs. Clifton.

'Do not speak of it here'—whispered Clara with so much embarrassment, it confirmed Edward's suspicions with regrad to the donor; and though he regretted the nature of the obligation, he could not but think it was prompted by kindness to an observation of Clara's initative decorations. The truth was, Clara had been exceedingly annoyed by questions she could not, or rather would not answer.

Some one had suggested that it was a present from Mrs. Clifton, and though she did not afirm it, actually, she was glad to admit the idea, as an escape from further persecution on the subject. Still her conscience writhed under the implied falsehood, and she dreaded its detection. To add to her mortification, she overheard some one remark, 'that Clara Stanley need not put on so many airs about her new chain, for it was nothing but pinchback, and had a strong smell of brass."

She rejoiced when the hour of retiring arrived, and when she reached home, she ran up stairs, went to bed, and cried herself to sleep. Poor Clara! she awakened that night from a terrible fit of the night mare, for she dreamed that her grandmother's icy hands were groping about her neck for the beads she had bartered, that the cold grasp grew tighter and tighter, her breath shorter and shorter, till she screamed and awoke. She dreaded the next day her brother's questioning about the mysterious chain; but absorbed in his own deep, overmastering emotions, he forgot the subject when the glittering bauble was removed from before his eyes. From this time a change was observable in his character. He became as silent and abstracted as he had before been gay and communicative. He no longer talked of Mrs. Clifton, and even to Fanny he was cold and constrained. Fanny preserved the same equanimity of feeling, though she missed Edward's vivacity and smiles, and openly lamented the transformation. She looked rather more serious than usual, but azure of her eye was undimmed, and the soft rose of her cheek remained undiminished in bloom. Edward turned from the sameness and lustre of her countenance, to gaze upon the changing face that pale passion loved'—and while he acknowledged the hopelessness of his infatuation, he brooded over it, till it enervated all the energies of his soul. It was fortunate for his mind, that domestic circumstances of a perplexing nature roused it into exercise. Some very unexpected claims were made against the estate. Mr. Stanley had died suddenly, and left his affairs considerably involved, but his family now believed every thing was settled, and that the small property which remained was all their own. With the strictest economy it was just sufficient for a genteel support, and that was all. They had no means of meeting this unexpected exigency, but by the sale of the house—a sorrowful expedient, for it was endeared by every association connected with a husband's and a father's love—besides it was their home, and where should they look for another? Edward remembered the letter of his grandmother.—He wanted but a few months of being of age, and the hour of trouble had arrived. He opened and read it, then gave it into his mother's hands with a countenance illuminated with joy.

'It is all well, dear mother—more than well—though dead she yet continues her guardianship of love. Clara, where is the trunk, whose value I have just learned? It will save us from ruin.'

Clara looked aghast.

'The trunk,' stammered she, 'what good can it do us?'

'Read that letter—it will explain all.'

The explanation may be given to the reader in fewer words. The trunk contained a false bottom, in which the good old lady had placed deeds and papers containing an amount of property which made a rich legacy to her grandson. Knowing the temptations to which youth is exposed, and knowing too that necessity calls forth the noblest powers of mankind, she did not wish him to know of the existence of this property till he became of age; and being somewhat eccentric in her character, and fond of surprises she had adopted this singular method of bequeathing to him her fortune. Clara read the letter, and sat like a statue of stone. She wished the earth to open and swallow her, the mountains to fall and crush her to atoms, to save her from the remorse and shame that had overtaken her.

'Clara, what is the matter?' said Edward, sitting down by her side; 'can you not go for the trunk, Clara?'

The unhappy girl tried to speak, but only uttered a piercing shriek, and fell prostrate on the floor. Excessively alarmed, they raised and endeavored to bring her to composure, but she continued to wring her hands and exclaim,

'Oh, what have I done, what have I done?'

They gathered at length from her broken sentences, the extent of their misfortune. The treasure was lost, irredeemably lost, for it would be impossible to trace the course of one who led an itinerant life, and was probably now in some remote part of the country. If it ever were discovered, it would probably be at some distant day, and the demand was immediate and pressing. Neither Mrs. Stanley nor Edward could add to the agonies of Clara's remorse, by unavailing reproaches, but they both keenly felt how much it added to their calamity, to think the means their guardian angel held out for their relief, was wrested from them by the hands of a daughter and a sister.

"We must submit,' said Mrs. Stanley, with a heavy sigh, 'to the will of God.'

'We must *act*,' said Edward, 'and be not cast down, my mother. If heaven spares my life and health, we shall never know one real want. In this country there is no such thing as *poverty* and as to the vanity and show, let Clara's bitter lesson prove the emptiness of their claims.'

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 14, 1839.

Money! Money!!

We earnestly request those of our subscribers who are indebted to us for the Democrat for one or more years to pay, at least a part of what is due, immediately. We are subject to great inconvenience and embarrassment in consequence of the neglect of those who do not pay promptly.

Those residing out of town can remit the amount due by mail directed to the Postmaster, Paris, Me. which will be promptly receipted for.

Those in this town we shall be very happy to wait upon at the Democrat Office.

All indebted for Advertising or Job Printing whose accounts have been standing more than three months will oblige us by settling without delay or further notice.

MAINE MILITIA SYSTEM.

No. II.

Mr. Editor,—In my communication in your last paper, I promised in some future numbers, to give some of my own thoughts, and suggestions upon our present Militia System; and to give what I considered to be some of the principal *reasons*, why it has become in a degree unpopular.

The first reason which I shall offer, is one which I think grows out of a *defect* in the system. It is this. The want of a just, and equitable compensation for services performed; or, in other words, those who perform military duty, have to do it without remuneration. The farmer is compelled by the laws of this State to leave his plough, the Mechanic his work-shop, and the Merchant his counting-room, to bear arms, at least, two whole days in the year, for the benefit of the whole community; and what is the compensation he receives for these services? I answer, he is insulted by being paid the paltry sum of *fifty cents*. The *time* he spends is not all, for he has to expend from ten to twenty dollars for a gun and equipments. And is this all? No,—the Soldier frequently has to travel ten or fifteen miles to attend a Regimental or Brigade Review and Inspection; and there are not a few among this number who are compelled by "pinching poverty" to go this whole distance on foot,—carry their arms upon their shoulders—be drill'd about to the "right and left" all day, and then when "tired Nature seeks repose," they have to drag their wearied limbs back to their homes, and then lay down to rest, consoling themselves with the satisfactory reflection, that they have performed all this labour and toil—for what? For *nothing*. Often have I seen the poor man, who has to toil early and late, and earn the bread for himself and his family by the "sweat of his brow," dragging his "slow length along" towards his distant home, after the fatigues of a "Muster day," when I *knew* the scanty pittance of his wife and children had been *lessened* by his absence.

This is no fiction, but a stubborn reality which cannot be denied. It is true he gets at the rate of twenty-five cents for his day's work; but this will not even satisfy the wants of *hunger*, during his absence from home;—so that instead of receiving *pay*, he is actually running into debt

It would seem that our grave Legislators, at whose hands we have received our present Militia Laws, have entirely overlooked the old addage, that the "Labourer is worthy of his hire;" at least, so far as they have legislated for the soldier. Now, I would ask, are the duties required to be performed by the Citizen Soldier of any *value*, or not? If they *are*, upon what principle of honor, or justice, I again ask, are they denied, by the *very persons* who make them obligatory, that *reward* which justice and equity demand? And if these duties, when done, are of *no value*, then let the community be at once relieved from performing them.

It has always been urged as an objection to our citizens being paid, for performing Military duty, that it would be a large bill of expense to the State. Very well, admitting this to be a fact, who would have to pay it? I answer the very ones who *ought* to pay it: the rich, and opulent; at least the greater portion of it would come from their pockets;—and if this should be the case, *they* could have no reason to complain of injustice. If there are *benefits* accruing to society from a well organized and disciplined Militia, the rich are certainly the greatest recipients. If their property or possessions are in danger from insurrection, or the invasion of a foreign foe, to whom do they look for defence and protection? The answer is obvious, to the Militia. And just in proportion to a man's means is he dependant upon, and indebted to, those who compose it

Again, the rich seldom do Military duty,—the poor do it for them. This alone is reason enough (to throw all other arguments out of the question) why the latter should receive an equivalent from the former.

If we object on account of the *cost* to the State, we may with equal propriety object to members of the Legislature receiving a compensation for *their* services; for every man while performing Military duty, is as much in the service of the State, as is a member of the Legislature during its Session; and if one is to work for nought, why not the other?

The one sits in the State House a few hours in the day, is treated with all the courtesy and respect due a gentleman, and receives his two dollars per day; the other toils at hard labour from morning till night, is often treated with neglect and insolence, and receives his twenty-five cents

The Legislator attends to his business or not, just as he pleases,—is present or absent as best suits his convenience; the Soldier must be "instant in season, and out of season," or he is made to suffer the penalty of the Law, without "mixture of mercy." Put *that* against *that*, and then ask *yourself* if this is even-handed justice.

It is an act of injustice to compell the Soldier to furnish his own equipments. As the old saying is he has to "work for nothing and find himself" To sum the whole up in a few words, he has to spend his time, bestow his labour, pay his expences, furnish his own gun and equipments, and *give all* to the State.

Let the State furnish at least a gun for every Soldier, then let those belonging to each company be deposited in some central, convenient place, and be used only on days of parade, inspection or review. In this way, every Soldier will be completely equipped, and ready at a moments warning to go into actual service. If a man employs another to labour for him, and pays him nothing for his services, the least he can do, is to find him tools.

The consequences resulting from this defect in our Militia System, are just such as could naturally be expected. They follow as a matter of course. Mankind are so constituted they continually want some incentive as an encouragement to prompt them to energetic action Without this they have neither courage, or ambition. What has a man to encourage him to do Military duty? He has to work without pay or hope of reward, and nothing but his high sense of honor and patriotic feelings will prompt him to do it. There are many, who, while performing Military duty, care only to *pass away the time*. To be convinced of this fact, we have only to attend a Military parade or review, and we shall see many whose appearance and actions plainly indicate the indifference which marks their whole conduct. Just give our citizens a fair compensation for their services, let them be paid for their labour, and then mark the difference. They would perform their duty with pleasure and alacrity. Their Military pride and ambition would be raised, and we should behold the ranks of our Militia filled with bold and spirited Soldiers, each ambitious to excell and gain distinction

May 9th, 1839. J. J. P.

Friend Millett,—I notice in your last number a call to the young men of this County to meet at the Court House on the 22d inst. at six o'clock P M. for the purpose of forming a "Young Men's County Lyceum."—To me this is a most welcome call, and, as a humble member of that body, I feel deeply interested in its success. It is such a call as should awaken the most lively interest among all the young men who feel emulous of improvement To a Lyceum of this kind, we may confidently look for important results. Exertions we must make to accomplish any important end; and to give efficiency and success to this noble enterprise, every young man must feel that he has a part in the which to act. From my acquaintance with the young men is this County, I think I am warranted in saying, nothing will be wanting on their part to give birth to an institution of this kind which will do honor to the County, and speak volumes for their enterprise and future success.

Yours in haste,

May 9th, 1839. G.

LATER FROM ENGLAND.

ARRIVAL OF THE LIVERPOOL.

The Steamer Liverpool arrived at New York on the 7th inst. in 17 days from Liverpool, bringing London papers to the 19th and Liverpool to the 20th ult.

The Boundary Question, says the Journal of Commerce, is scarcely alluded to in the papers before us—there being no longer any probability of its leading to a rupture.

In the House of Commons, on the 9th ult. Lord Palmerston said, in answer to a question, that he had sent to Mr. Fox, at Washington, the draft of a Convention for the adjustment of the Boundary Question, by the appointment of a Joint Commission to define the Boundary The terms of the proposed Convention are of course not known.

The ministerial crisis in France is at an end. The King has triumphed and the Liberals are defeated. Although the Ministry was not yet organized, the difficulties in the way of it were at an end.

A better feeling prevails between England and Russia. In the East the alarming condition of affairs is succeeded by a state of things which removes all serious apprehensions. The French Government has offered its mediation between the Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt.

Paganini is at the point of death He leaves ten millions of francs (£400,000) to be divided, it is said, between his eight hundred musical colleagues of Italy and France.

A present of fifty superb Cashmere shawls from the looms of Shiras and Ispahan, has arrived in England for Queen Victoria, from the Persian Court.

We learn that the Trustees and Overseers of Bowdoin College, have made choice of Rev. Leonard Woods Jr, now Professor in the Bangor Theological Seminary, as President of that Institution.

Ex-Gov. Kent, after taking two or three months to think of it, has consented to be run down again next fall, as the federal candidate for Governor.

From the Eastern Argus

THE BOUNDARY ADJUSTMENT.

The following communication is from a gentleman high in standing with the opposition, and whose position and ability entitle his opinions to respect We doubt not—indeed, we *know*, that he but speaks the feelings of many of the more candid and honest of his party, who are thoroughly disgusted with the attempt of a few partizan editors to make political capital out of our border difficulties, and to load with reproach the Executive of the State, for conduct which they cannot sincerely, and in their consciences, condemn So far as *party interests* are concerned, we are not at all sorry that the federalists have taken the position on this subject, which they now, as a body, occupy; for we agree with our correspondent, that it is a '*false* position,' and one from which the people will inevitably drive them in shame and disgrace. But we *do* regret that the spirit of faction should, at this day, so far prevail with *any* party, as to bring them to prefer their own selfish interests, to the good of their State, and lead them to censure publicly, conduct, which, in truth and honesty, they cannot but believe to have been wise and honorable. Gov. Fairfield, by his course upon the boundary question, from beginning to end, has gained the signal approbation and respect of the community. His firmness and prudence, manifested on that subject, have raised him in the opinions of those even, who *before* regarded him, as a man worthy of the station which he ably occupies. That his course is not applauded by the opposition, will not appear at all singular to those who remember the *history* of that opposition, and recollect, that patriotism has more than once had to blush, at the spectacle in America, of a party arraying itself against its own country, and taking sides with the stranger and aggressor. It is enough that his conduct has the warm commendation of the unprejudiced, and candid.—These constitute, we rejoice to believe, a large majority of the community, and the deep, strong voice of their approval will hush to silence the murmuring complaints of the factious, and ill disposed, whose hissing notes of censure will be esteemed as disgraceful as was Johnny Raw's cry of "Beef," "Beef," amid the triumphs of the American camp.

Messrs Editors.—I think that the whig Editors are placing themselves in a false position, when they censure Gov. Fairfield for his part in the late pacific arrangement in regard to our boundary. Are the whig merchants, and others having any *interest* in society, willing to encounter the inexpressible horrors of war, until after exhausting *every* honorable means of negotiation. I thus far allude only to pecuniary interests; but who is ignorant of the still greater hazards to morals and religion from unnecessary war. I have ever been with the whigs, but if I see them making a mere party question of this business, which is far more important than the interest of any mere party organization I shall quit them without a moment's hesitation preferring my country to my pay. I commend the Governor, for his assenting to the pacification, and if the question is made to turn on *that* issue, I shall assuredly give my vote for John Fairfield; and I have ascertained that I shall by no means be the only whig who will act on the same principles. Although I am not vain enough to suppose my name to be of any consequence, I shall still leave it with you, as it may possibly be asserted by belligerent editors that this communication is fictitious.

Blessed are the Peace-makers.

N. B. To prevent misconstruction I will add that I hold it to be just and proper to *fight* for our soil rather than be bullied out of it, and trust I shall be as ready to do so as the malcontent editors alluded to. But I also hold it to be a most sacred maxim, never to go to war unless absolutely—*absolutely* necessary.

We understand the militia who have returned from the Aroostook have a high opinion of the country, but are much dissatisfied at being sent on a *Tom Fool's errand*, and we do not wonder that they are. [Ken. Jour.

The "Tom Fool's errand" was to repel a threatened invasion of the State, and to sustain the Land Agent in carrying into effect the resolves passed unanimously by the Legislature. We suppose the Journal considers the act of making Boston harbor a tea-pot, and the excursion of the Yankee boys to Old Bunker Hill, a "Tom Fool's errand." Although some of the men were from "benighted Oxford," and "Waldo, the modern Sodom," yet we believe such men have too much intelligence and good sense to pay any regard to the Journal's "Tom Fool" story.

We believe the militia generally were glad to return, being well satisfied that their services were no longer needed, and also being well satisfied with the course pursued by the State authorities. We have heard of but one instance of dissatisfaction, and the anecdote connected with it is too good to be lost.

A company of the *Kennebec* detachment stopped at a house for water, when one of the men not having fear of *Orders* before his eyes, said Gov. Fairfield had "backed out." The woman of the house replied to him that she did not pretend to know much about *men's* business, but it seemed to her that it was Gov. Harvey who had backed out, and Gov. Fairfield who had stood his ground. Not at all, said the man; Gov. Fairfield has backed out, and I shall not vote for him again. The woman then said she doubted whether he ever voted for him, and appealed to his comrades to confirm or remove her suspicions. The woman was right, the man had never voted for Fairfield, and what was more he was the greatest coward in his company.

[Bangor Democrat.]

From the Bangor Democrat.

We take the following letter from the Woodstook (N. B.) Times of the 27th of April.—Our Provincial neighbors are as much opposed to having an armed civil posse occupy the 'disputed territory" as are their *allies*, the *British Whigs*, among us. Some of our *truth loving* and *patriotic* federal Whigs dub the armed posse an *amred mob*; the blue noses call it a part of the "Great Army"—the feelings of both are alike hostile to the purpose of Maine.

We are glad to hear that our men are engaged in building booms and securing the timber cut by the British upon the St. John's waters. Col. McLauchlan's "occupation's gone as Warden, and we have now got hold of the strings of the purse containing the "disputed territory fund," and shall hold on to them. The dishonest Colonel can now attend to his legitimate duties as Warden of *Crown* Lands; we have a Land Agent to superintend *our* public lands.

The people of this State will be glad to know that their servants and those in their employ are doing something more than simply *exploring* the face of the country, and obtaining "*topographical information.*" The prompt, vigorous, bold and efficient measures which have been adopted by Gov. Fairfield and the Legislature, commend themselves to the approbation of the public. The people have found in Gov. Fairfield a second Lincoln—a man, bold and decided in action, determined and fearless, jealous of the rights and honor of the State, a sound and able patriot, devoted heart and soul to the public interests and rights of the people. His administration is already *marked*, and no prescience is necessary to make the confident avowal that it will be *distinguished* and rendered brilliant by the noble deed of bringing about the settlement of the Boundary line question. The end of the controversy is nearer and more distinctly seen than ever before—the welcome day when it will be terminated we believe is near at hand.

"Madawaska, April 18, 1839.

"Dear Sir,—With reference to my last letter to you of last week's date, respecting the visit of our American neighbors on Fish River, it may not be uninteresting to you to learn how those 'gentlemen' are getting on. From the report of several persons who have within a day or two past come from the neighborhood of their operations—where they number from 50 to 60 armed men—it appears that they are making use of the settler's provender—which was left at their approaching their hovels,) and have selected a site for a fortification. Several

of them have come into the Madawaska settlement (the upper part of it) armed *cap-a-pee*, where they appear to be quite, at home.' John Baker's establishment appears to be their choice place of rendezvous—where I suppose they get a great deal of wholesome instructions. Their next object is [as they say] to build a *Boom across the St. John!* at a place called the *Winding Ledges*, about four or five miles above the mouth of the Fish River. They are now accomplishing with a few men, what they considered their *Great Army* was not necessary to effect—to gradually fortify themselves on the territory in dispute, to be prepared in case of a struggle. *Jonathan* has not the reputation for intrigue without deserving it."

From the Bay State Democrat.

THE DEMOCRATIC CLOCK.

"HERE SHE GOES—THERE SHE GOES."

The good old fashioned family clock like radical democracy, persues her steady onward course. The old federal arlstocracy gaze on her with eyes, and in the bitterness of their soules, pointing at the bright pendulum as it viberates, cry out—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

It is true, the federalists sometimes succeed in disaranging her works, and then they anxiously watch her motion, hoping and praying she may cease to move. But the democartic artist is not slow to discover the injury. In the twinkling of an eye he repairs the damages, and the good old democratic regulator again pursues the even tenor of her way, and the astonished federalists, disappointed, cry out—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

Now you see the whole federal clan busily engaged, calling in the aid of foreign influence to stop the democratic clock. The moneyed monster, mounted by "Old Nick," bribery, corruption, art and deception are all restored to turn the democratic clock from her perenial course: but she stems the power and influence of their *black art*, and moves steadily and handsomely on, spreading happiness all around, and warning all the rocks and shoals of federal whiggery, while the poor souls, looking at the pendulum, in despair exclaim—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

When the British committed depredations on our commerce—impressed and cruelly treated our seamen, and threatened us on all sides with distruction, when our country bled at every pore; it was then the federalists made another bold rush at the old democratic family clock. They poured in red hot, round head, chain, grape, canister and stand shot, into her works. She bore the siege, as she ever will, and paused her independent course triumphantly, and the traitors gave up in despair, crying—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

The next attack made on the democratic clock, was by the federalists' spiritual guard.—O, said they, she is the poorest, weakest, and most wretched piece of furniture in all creation. We can soon put her down and stop her *eternal* clicking. At it they went with their spiritual weapons. Mighty indeed was the contast.—Heaven and earth were almost rent asunder in the conflict But they soon found the machinery of the democratic time-keeper as tough as *Old Hickory;* and exhausted in their unchristian warfare, they retreated to the tune of—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

Now we here the squeaking voice of that tall man, with dark complexion, sunken eye, and fierce look. He has got the *Quincy*. Here him blustering, and threatning to stop the pendulum of all who presumed to rejoice at the glorious movement of the old American democratic clock, over John Bull's *inferior timepieces*. He too was compelled to join in the song of triumph—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

Now the federalists desecrated the cradle of liberty by the ten cent rebellion act. This was another of their contrivances to stop the old clock; but the workmen were there, and the rebels backed out, weeping and crying—"*Here she gose—there she goes.*"

Now they gather troops in the Key Stone State to demonish the democratic family clock. But they find her works impregnable, and the rebel Rimerits walk off the course with the "rogue's march," pointing to the shining pendulum of the democratic clock, mournfully singing—"*Here she goes—there she goes; nere she goes—there she goes.*"

In Virginia, too; "Aye," said the federalists, chuckling, "Now we'll clap a stopper on that old wagging democratic machine. Th *Enquirer* after *truth* is with us. Now we are a host. A *pin*, too, has slipped out of the old clock—Rives has deserted her. Let us throw the old clicker into Davy Jones's locker." "Hold—hold there, ye fell destroyers," cries the independent *Enquirer*, "hands off. I am set for the defence, not the the destruction of the democratic clock." And the federalists and conservatives of Old Dominion, in despair, looked on the steady movements of the pendulum, and cried—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

Now a tremendous breeze is raised in the granite State. Wilson and the whole federal tribe attack the old democratic clock in the rear. O what rejoicing! How sanguine of success!!

"Now," said they, "we'll shiver the old timepeace to atoms. Let us send messengers to the fountain of purity—the Borton Atlas, for *tools—tools*, necessary to accomplish so desirable an object." Now all is ready—the affiar commences—the battle rages. The democrats mount their fiery coursers, apply "whip and spur," and drive the whole federal army up *Salt River*, where they are doomed to remain forever, singing—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

Oh, poor federalists,—there is no reprieve. You have wasted your strength and folly. You may continue to war as long a you will; but you cannot harm the old democratic clock.—She speaks truth, and the lovers of truth will defend her. She is the personification of democracy, which is truth; and truth will prevail against the assault of the combined forces of traitors, rebels, mobites and deceivers. Look, —*Here she goes—there she goes,*" and will keep going, till every vestige of federal whigism is driven from this land of freedom.

THE INNOCENCE OF THE SUB-TRERSURY SCHEME ADMITTED BY THE WHIG

The Richmond Whig, endeavoring to persuade Mr. Wilson of Cumberland that there is nothing assential in the Sub-Treasury to separate him from Whiggery, says:—

"*The Sub-Treasury Scheme*—a mere child of legislation, which may be *tried one year and discarded the next*, and which, to try, or not to try at all, does not infringe upon *the Constitution*—does not, unless by indirection, not of necessity, touch those radical questions either of principle, or an honest practical administration of the government, which, as they are favorably or unfavorably resolved, determine the problem of our experiment in free government."

This is exactly true of the measure proposed by the Administration. If the Government cannot get along in the management of its finances without the Bank power, the attempt being 'tried one year may be discarded the next;' and this does not '*infringe upon the Constitution.*' But how how is it with the scheme of the whigs and conservatives? Break down the present Republican administration and instal Henry Clay. Then we have a National Bank of unlimited powers established—fifty millions capital—fifty years' charter—branches in every State. The Constitution is infringed, and irrepealable vested right fastened like a yoke, on the country, which cannot '*be tried one year and discarded the next.*' This is the state of the case which makes Mr. Wilson's difference with the whigs *essential*. [Globe.

ANOTHER BANK SUB-TREASURY TRICK.

"*Directors personally responsible.*" The New York Sun says—This clause in the charter of the Belleville Bank, duly displayed on the face of its bills, to gain confidence, has been adroitly frustrated by an expedient worthy of the whole character of the institution. The regular annual appointment of directors took place on February last, and, to evade the responsibility which would fall upon them when the *burst up* (undoubtedly foreseen by them) should take place, they neglected being sworn into the direction, and now claim the immunity from responsibility which they allege they have thus secured to themselves. If Governor Pennington and the receivers he has appointed for this swindling concern, do not proceed to the extremest verge of the law in dealing with these gentlemen, they will show themselves unfit for their stations. We much mistake, if the criminal law concerning frauds does not completely envelope these *patent* directors, neck and heels.

☞The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser in speaking of the proceedings at the dinner of the Historical Society, says that none will be published until the committee of arrangements have prepared them in a perfect order, and then they will all appear at once. Mr. Stuyvesant, president of the Society, entertained the company with the relation of a variety of personal reminiscences of the Great Father of the Republic. Mr Philip Hone, in a few very appropriate remaks, called up General Scott, who made an excellent speech. Mr Southard of New Jersey, distinguished himself by a very eloquent and powerful speech, on the subject of the Judiciary. Governor Pennington, Judge Davis of Massachussetts, Thomas Day, of Connecticut, Mr. Folsom, of this city, and several other gentleman, also addressed the company, in the course of the evening, and Grenville Mellen recited a poem, written by himself, for the ocasion with effect. [Boston Post.

"It appears to me I have seen you somewhere before," as the man said ven the collector called on him the twenty-seventh time for money.

"You've got a bite," as the angler said to the pig ven the dog had him by the ear.

"No soft soap," as the mouse said ven puss patted him on the cheek, preparatory to taking off his head.

Sir George Arthur has issued a circular, strongly condemning the practice of firing at American steamboats, &c. and directing the local authorities to be vigilant in preventing such disgraceful occurances. [Post.

☞An attempt was made, on the evening of the 1st inst., to blow up the Anti-Slavery Depository at Hartford, Conn., by placing a heavy torpedo on the steps in front of the building, and firing it off. The explosion was so heavy as to blow the door the entire length of the store, and to shatter the windows. The windows in the houses opposite, and also those in the building adjouning the Depository, were somewhat injured. A fellow by the name of Clarke has been arrested on suspicion of having been the chief actor in this nefarious affair.

"Mother," said a little fellow the other day, "is there any harm in breaking egg shells?"—"Certainly not my dear, but why do you ask?" "'Cause I dropt the basket jist now, and see what a mess I'm in with the nasty yolk."

Steamer Burnt.—The steamboat Pennsylvania was burnt at Paducah, on the night of the 21st ult. She had on board $50,000 in specie, belonging to the Decatur Bank, and a valuable cargo. About $10,000 of the specie have been recovered, though in a damaged condition, having been partially melted. The cargo and specie were insured, and there was an insurance of $5000 on the boat.

Suicide of one of the Pirates of the Braganza.—Joseph Ver Bruggen, one of the two pirates who were on Wednesday last convicted in this city of the murder of Captain Truley, of the Braganza, was found dead in his cell this morning, having hung himself during the night. In order to effect this purpose, he tore the blanket of his bed into stripes and wove them together into a rope, and then took one of the wooden slates of his bedstead and made of it what seamen call a toggle, or in other words, he tied the rope across the centre of the slat, and slipped it through the iron grating of his cell, and then pulled in the rope, so that the slat rested across the outside of the bars, and thus formed a beam from which to suspended himself. He then raised himself from the ground, fastened the rope round his neck, and launched himself into eternity. Besides the slat from which he was found hanging, there was also another slat found at the grating, with another rope attached to it, which had evidently broken, from which it would appear that the unfortunate wretch had made one unsuccessful attempt to destroy himself, and only succeeded in the second. He was a native of Antwerp, and 35 years old.—*N. Y. Jour. Commerce.*

The following is a very happy satire on the prevailing folly of the times:—

National Wealth—a modern discovery.—Get your bread stuffs from the Baltic and Black Seas, and your potatoes from England, Ireland, France, or any where; they may be had for low price of a dollar a bushel. Raising potatoes is not only a vulgar but a laborious business—leave it to those who know nothing better. Let us plant our farms (if they have not been sold for city lots) with the Morus Multicaulis. In a few years we may all wear silks, provided we do not in the mean time starve to death. This is the new steam process to speedy wealth.

St. Augustine, April 25.—Indian News. Capt Kenyon, of the schr. Elizabeth, 7 days Key Bascayne, has politely favored us with the following.

A day or two previous to his sailing from Fort Dallas, a party of about 20 soldiers were sent out, under commander of a sergeant, to cut steamboat wood.

After sentinels were posted, and the men commenced their work, one of them, to alarm his companions, gave a mimic Indian yell, at the top of his voice, when suddenly rose up in full view, almost within gun-shot, a body of about fifty Indians.

The sergeant promptly formed his men and commenced pursuit, joined by Lieut. Ruggles, who on hearing the alarm, left orders for the remainder of the company to follow. The Indians moved off leisurely, preserving their distance, running when the soldiers ran, and walking when they walked.

It is supposed the Indians contemplated surrounding the working party by surprise, when the accidental whoop of the soldier caused them to be discovered.

The worst thing of all. Good advice to the young would tell them sooner than run in debt, to cut their throats. Running in debt, to the most stupid, unfeeling man leads to embarrassment in all his business, which time may never retrieve and if he lives on to the end of a long life, it will be in plodding poverty, without ease or contentment. To the sensitive, quick, ambitious, proud, indebtedness is, almost universally, immediate and direct ruin. First, self-respect it lost—then follows a deep dispair of winning the respect of others. Mental excitement prevents the exercise of the intellectual powers—they are left to riot in all the gloom to care, regret shame and sleepless anxiety. Energy repressed, ambition crushed, hope fainting, and horrible throughts of future and worse ills, lead to intoxicating. The highest toned mind, the warmest heart, the purest and noblest sensibility, combined with debt, almost universally conspire to make a drunkard—or in the absence of that tendency to alleviate endurance, they will create a suicide. When you see a young man contracting debts improvidently, beyond his certain means of liquidation, tell him he is on the road to ruin—that among the evils of life, he is cherishing "*the worst thing of all,*"—that the only means of escape will be found in industry economy and resolution. Convince him of this, and aid him in his wants, if you would save a good man for earth, and a soul for Heaven. *Boston Times.*

A Lawyer Thrashed.—Mr Elijah Bloomer, of New York, gave a lawyer, by the name of Evans, a tremendous beating, for putting an officer in his house during his absence, and thus frightening his wife and children. Mr B. has been prosecuted for the assault. It won't answer for men to take *law*, or the lawyers, into their own hands.

Fire at Brunswick.—The dwelling in Brunswick recently occupied by President Allen, and belonging to the College in that place, was destroyed by fire on Sunday night last.—The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. The damage is estimated at $3000.

Centuries must elapse, before the truth will practically appear, that farmers and mechanics are the most respectable class of society. We are still laboring under the accumulated prejudices of ages on the subject. When the time shall arrive, and it surely will come, when education shall be generally diffused; when what is now called learning shall become every day maxims; when pedantry shall cease to perplex and confuse; and the objet of all study will be to discover truth, it will be plain what are the natural casts of men. The mummeries of fashion, the criterion of externals, the fictitious distinctions of wealth and family will cease, and men will be regarded by the true standard of morality and practical utility.

Steam Packets from England to Boston.—A contract has been made by the British Government with the Hon. S. Cunard for the conveyance of the mails from England to Halifax, and from Halifax to Boston, and also from Halifax by Pictou to Quebec, twice a month, for the sum of £55,000 sterling per annum. The contract is for seven years. The first boat is to leave Liverpool May 1, 1840. The boats from Halifax to Boston and from Pictou to Quebec to run as long as the navigation continues open between the two latter ports, are to be of 150 horse power. The boat from Liverpool to Halifax 300 horse power. To carry these arrangements into effect, it is stated that seven or eight boats will be required. It is said that the persons lately incorporated by an act of our Legislature, as the *Ocean Steam Packet Company*, are to share in the enterprise. From Liverpool or Bristol to Boston, via. Halifax, is as near or nearer, as from the same places to New York.—*Boston Transcript.*

Zerah Colburn.—We learn from the Vt. Watchman, the death of Zerah Colburn, in the 35th year of his age. He was distinguished when a child, for the most remakable power of arithmetical calculation of any person of whom there is any account extant. He was born in Vermont, and at an early age he visited this soon after his remarkable talent was discovered, city, and subsequently many parts of this country and of Europe. He returned to this country and to his native State, after an absence of 12 years. On attaining to mature years, it is understood that he lost his peculiar talent, yet was possessed of respectable abilities and acquirements. After returning to Vermont he became a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and recently a Professor in the literary institution at Norwich, in which institution he remained until his death.

The Fire at Fort Fairfield. Our correspondent at Augusta has sent us an authentic account of this affair. The amount of property consumed is not so great as has been represented. About 250 lbs bread and 30 lbs Pork, were lost, The fire originated in carelessness, it is pretty evident, having occurred in the middle of the day. The greater part of the stores lost would have been saved, had not the store house been also used as a magazine, consequently the men feared to enter. An investigation into the circumstances has been ordered. Eastern Argus.

The N. H. Gazette, in an article concerning our boundary matters, after alluding to the opposition of some of the Federal papers to the late adjustment, says very truly:—

This is an unfortunate position for Ex-Gov. Kent The truth is the arrangement through General Scott is so popular with the candid part of the whigs, that the ex-Gov. will not be backed in this attack even by his own party.

Solid Friendship. The N. Y. Herald has the following illustration of it:

Friendly— werry. —We hear that the friends of the Hon. D. Webster have contributed $65,000 to pay his debts of $45.000, and give him $20,000 to make a trip to Europe this summer. Boston contributed $15,000—New York $30,000—and Philadelphia $20,000.—This is what we call solid friendship. Mr Webster, however, deserves it all—they ought to round up the present to $100,000, and then say their prayers. N. B.—We shall publish a list of the subscribers in a day or two.

The Mormons. — The Peoria (Illinois) Register says:—

"Great numbers of this unfortunate sect, men, women and children, are encaped near Quincy, Illinois, in a state of destitution of the necessaries of life. The sufferings they endured are heart-rending. A public meeting has been held in Quincy to devise means for their relief. The audience was deeply affected at the relation given by the Mormons, and effective measures were adopted for their relief."

A Difficulty Settled.—A gentleman residing in the country, during the summer months, one morning observed a large quantity of dirt and rubbish in the yard in front of his house. Enraged, he called one of his servants,

'John,' said he, 'why is this dirt not taken away?'

'We have no wagon on the premises.'

'Then dig a ditch back of the house and throw it in.'

'But what are we to do with the earth which will be dug out?'

'Fool, don't bother me; make the ditch big enough to put earth, rubbish, dirt and all in.'

A Problem Solved. A Western editor says he has tried it both ways, and has come to the deliberate conclusion that the single life is the most easy, but the married one is the most happy. So Adam thought.

A letter from Tennessee, in speaking of the report of the famous committee on defalcation, says—

"It appears to have expired with the Congress from which it emanated. One or two attempts have been made by the prints to trump up its stale accusations, but without success.—The whole affair is regarded as so complete a failure, that the whigs themselves are rather ashamed of its paternity.

East Turner Post Office. This office has been *discontinued.*

Philadelphia is rather more riotous than a city of brotherly love *should* be. The Firemen there had a grand fight among themselves on Sunday in which ten companies participated. The Police were once or twice beeten off, in attempting to interfere.

The following is the best definition of "a loafer" we have yet seen:

"A person who begs all the tobacco he uses—knows more people than are acquainted with him when he meets them—often looks at his borrowed watch to see the time—and takes the paper six months and then tramps."

Sinning and repenting in the same moment. Laughing at a broad story till the eyes are filled with tears.

"Don't rob yourself,' as the farmer said to the lawyer, ven he called him hard names.

"Terrible pressure in the money market," as the mouse said, ven the keg of specie rolled over him.

"I've got some urgent business on hand," as the fox said when the dogs were after him.

A wit being asked what pleasure he could have in the company of a pretty woman who was a loquacious simpleton, replied "I love to *see* her talk."

MARRIED.

In Livermare, on May-day, by Rev. G. W. Quimby, Capt. Joseph Addition of Wilton, to Miss. Emma Hinds, of Livermore.

Hymen's sun on the first of May
Dissolves the lurking clouds away;
Nature's prolific bosom swells
With crimson buds and flowery bells;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury.

In Rumford, by Nathan Abbot, Esq., Mr. John E. Rolfe, to Miss. Joanna S Douglass.

DIED.

In this town, 12th inst. Mr. Adam Turner, Aged 70 years.

Drowned at York 20th ult. John E. Ayres, Jonathan Perkins, and William Leach, Jr. They were engaged ing the Lobster fishery, and their flat bottom boat, capsized. Each has left a family.—Ports. Journal

NEW MILLENERY GOODS.

JUST received from Boston a Fashionable Assortment of MILLENERY GOODS, which Ladies' are invited to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

H. W. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, May 13, 1839. eow4w39

EBENEZER P. FITZ,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER,
IMITATOR OF WOOD,
AND
PAPER-HANGER,
PARIS-HILL, ME.

NEW GOODS.

JUST received from Boston by the subscriber a prime assortment of *NEW GOODS*, among which are the following, viz:—

PAINTS,
of allmost every description, wholesale and retail.—Also a great assortment of Paint, Floor, Whitewash and Hearth **BRUSHES.**

DYESTUFFS,
of first rate qualities, to which the attention of Clothiers is particularly invited.

MEDICINES,
Selected expressly for the use of Physicians.

DRY GOODS,
addapted for the present season, to which the attention of the Ladies is respectfully invited.

FANCY GOODS,
of too great a variety to particularize.

Blank Books and Paper
of various descriptions, sizes & qualities

***Fine Cuttlery.*---Looking Glasses,**
a prime assortment, worth from 10 cts, to $6,00.

PARASOLS & UMBRELLAS.

Ladies', Childrens', Kid, Morocco and other **SHOES.**
6 by 8—7 by 9—8 by 10—9 by 12 & 10 by 12

WINDOW GLASS,
by the light and box.

FRESH FIGS AND SWEET ORANGES,
Fine articles for the sick.

Boiled Linsed, Sperm, Neatsfoot, Otter, Buffalo, Bear's and other **OILS.**

All of the above, with many others too numerous to mention, for sale on fair terms for Cash or Country produce. W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, May 13, 1839. 39

Commissioners' Notice.

WE the subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of

EZRA J. RUSSELL,

late of Bethel in said county, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the 9th day of April, inst., are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to that service at the house of Moses Mason in Bethel, on the first Monday of July, August, and September next, from one to five o'clock in the afternoon of each of said days. MOSES MASON, } Com'rs.
ELIPHAS CHAPMAN, }

April 26, 1839. 39

NOTICE.—All persons are cautioned against purchasing a note given by me to one Solomon Andrews for the sum of one hundred and sixty dollars, dated Feb. 8, 1839, payable in September next, as said note is without consideration, and was obtained by fraud, the same will not be paid. TIMOTHY WALKER.

Rumford, May 8, 1839 *29

Brief Hints of Spring Work.—Apply manure to corn and potato crops and not to grain crops.

Let manure be buried as soon a possible after spreading.

When rotted or fermented manure is applied let it be as thoroughly mixed with the soil as possible.

Wheat thrown out of the ground by frost, should be pressed in again by passing a roller over it.

Ploughing heavy soil when wet, does more injury than if the team were standing idle.

In ploughing green sward deeply, the furrows must always be at least one half wider than deep, else the sod will not turn well.

New meadows should now be rolled.

All grain fields seeded to grass should be rolled.

Barley should be sown as early as possible, upon a light and moderately moist soil, at the rate of one and a half to two bushels per acre, according to the size of the seed.

A roller should be passed over it as soon as it is harrowed, to press the soil under it and smooth the field.

Barley seed may be freed from intermixed oats by pouring water upon it when the oats will float, and may be skimmed off.

Oats require strong, rich soil, good culture and early sowing.

Preserve leached and unleached ashes, which have accumulated during the winter, to be applied to corn in the the hill or row.

After the corn is drooped, put in a small handful of mixture of plaster and leached ashes.

Plaster is always most efficacious on light and thin soil—on meadow and clover ground, the earlier it is sown the better.

Plaster when applied to cultivated ground, is best when worked into the soil.

Sowing it broadcast upon Indian corn after it is up, has increased the crop 25 per cent.

Every farmer should attempt the field culture of root crops—he may raise as much cattle food from one acre, as from five acres of meadow.

Farmers who have rich soil, will succeed best with mangel wurtzel, those who have sandy soil, with ruta baga. They should try both; and by no means neglect the cultivation of the *Sugar Beet.*

Sow garden crop in drills where practicable, in order that the weeds may be cleared with a hoe.

Different varieties of mellons and squashes should be planted at the greatest possible distance, in order to prevent intemixing and crossing.

Loosen the soil with a spade round fruit trees growing in grass land.

Examine the roots of peach trees, and remove all the grubs. Their presence is shown by the gum oozing out.

Take every opportunity of setting an ornamental shrub or tree round you house or door yard—now is the time—if you have any taste you will never regret it.—*Genessee Farmer.*

All the boys in the city of Boston, except 33, are members of the public or private schools of that city. They number 16,880, and in no city in the world, perhaps is the education of the young so generally regarded.

Emphasis.—A writer on English gives the following example on wrong emphasis: A clergyman, on reading the twenty-seventh verse of the eighteenth chapter of the first book of Kings, generally placed the emphasis on the words denoted by italics. "And he spake to his sons saying, Saddle *me*, the *ass*, and they saddled *him !*"

A Gentle Hint.—An uncle left in his will eleven silver spoons to his nephew, adding, "If I have not left him the dozen, he knows the reason." The fact was, the nephew had, some time before, stolen it from his relative.

☞ A writer in a Philadelphia paper, in enumerting the things he dislikes to see, mentions the following:—

I dislike to see the occupation of industry, ridiculed by the would-be-aristocracy; whose principal claim to respect, the fact, that they are the descendents of respectable mechanics.

I dislike the man who in the selection of a wife, prefers money to mind;—he has yet to learn, that to soothe the cares of affliction, a partner from the middle and sensible classes of society, is infinitely superior to a mere plaything, from the 'first circles.'"

A fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost. 'When and where?' 'I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre.' 'In what shape did it appear?' asked the priest. 'It appeared in the shape of a *great ass.*' 'Go home, and hold your tongue about it,' said the pastor; 'you are a very timid man, and have been frightened at your *own shadow.*

'I positively never knew a man in the country who was too poor to take a newspaper. Yet 2 out of 3, even respectable people, read no paper but what they borrow,. As I speak generally, I offend none. If I do—the greater the necessity to speak out. Every man is able conveniently to take a newspaper. How many who think themselves too poor to take a newspaper, pay four times as much daily for drink! Miserable man, thou art poor indeed.

Benj. Franklin.

A Mean Man.—'You are so mean,' said a furious fellow to his opponent, 'that *your shadow won't follow you.*'

MORE NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have commenced trade under the name and firm of

THAYER & HARLOW,

with a large stock of new Goods very cheap for ready pay. The stock consists of BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES of various shades; Satinetts, Buckskins, Drillings, Vestings. CALICOES, about 80 pieces the handsomest ever offered in this market—Mouselain de lain, a new article; fig'd and plain Lawn, Cambrics, Muslins, Laces, Edgings, Silks, Satins, Ribbons, Scarfs and Fancy Hdkfs a large assortment the best that could be selected in Boston. Sheetings, Tickings, Gloves and Hosiery together with a general assortment of DRY GOODS too numerous to mention.

KID SHOES, Mole skin and Silk HATS, Caps, Umbrellas and Parasols Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware. W. I. Goods and Groceries.

Purchasers are requested to call, before they buy elsewhere. JOEL B. THAYER.
ISAAC HARLOW.

Paris, May 7, 1839. 38

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF OXFORD COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given that there will be a meeting at the Court House on Paris Hill, on Wednesday (of Court week) the 22d inst. at six o'clock P. M. for the purpose of forming a "YOUNG MEN'S COUNTY LYCEUM." It is hoped that all who feel an interest in the object will be present at the first meeting.

At the request of many.

Administrator's Sale.

FOR sale at Public Auction, at the Store of Crocker and Standish in Sumner, by virtue of a license from the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, on Saturday the eight day of June next at two of the clock in the afternoon, so much of the Real estate lately belonging to Joshua Ford, late of Sumner, deceased, including the reversion of the widows right of Dower, as will produce the sum of seventy dollars. Said real estate consists of the north half of lot Number thirteen in the fourth Range, containing sixty eight acres more or less, and one right in the Congregational Meeting house in said Sumner consisting of one pew and part of another in said house. For terms and paticulars, apply at the time of sale to SIMEON BARRATT, Adm'r.

Sumner May 1st 1839 3w38.

Assessors' Notice.

THE Assessors of the town of Paris will be in Session at their Office, in said town, on Monday and Tuesday the 13th and 14th days of May next, from eight o'clock A. M until six o'clock P. M. for the purpose of taking an inventory of the Polls, and Estates of the inhabitants of said town. *Per* order of the Chairman.

April 30, 1839.

FOUND,

THE 25th day of April on the premises of Josiah J Knight in Paris, a small DRAFT CHAIN. The owner can have the same by proving property, and paying for this Advertisement, on application at this Office.

May 4, 1839.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE,—FRYEBURG.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners and non-resident proprietors of the following described lands situated in the town of Fryeburg, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me for collection for the year 1838 in the following sums, viz:—

Non Residents names if known.	Original proprietors names.	Lot.	Division.	Acres.	Value.	Tax. $ c.
Robert Wiley,	Intervale on the Island	1	1	5	125	55
Harrison W. Pike,	Buildings & Land by Thompson's Mill			1	250	1,11
Wm. Gordon	John Chandler part of	4	20		400	1,77
John Merrill,	Hezakiah Austin	19	5	6	90	40
Michal Abbott,	Joseph Frye part of	23	3	5	40	18
Amos Poor,	Andrew McMillan	11	3	107	500	2,22
"	Ezekiel Walker, 4		4		50	22
Dudley Bean,	Codman land, so called		1	500	1250	5,55
Owner unknown,	John Charles, 2-3	4	5		45	20
Nath'l Frye,	Intervale, Jesse Frye,	11	2	32	640	2,84
"	" "		12	2	30	600	2,66
"	" "		13	2	38	570	2,52
"	" "		14	2	50	1000	4,44
"	Upland "		37	1	66	266	99
"	" "		39	1	57	400	1,78
"	Buildings & Stand "				20	750	3,33
"	"			4	100	500	2,22
Owner unknown,	Joseph Frye,		53	4	50	150	67
Gilbert Potter,	Sam'l Osgood, Buildings on the same		54	4	55	450	2,00
Owner unknown,	John Webster,		12,5	30		120	52
"	"		40	4	35	200	89
"	Sam'l Osgood		2	2	42	200	89
Simeon Pease	sup'd o'n'r. Jno Chandler p't		5,3	10		100	44
Caleb Warren Jr	" Ezekiel Walker		4			100	45
Heirs of O. Greswell,	School,		27	2	26	100	1,33
Owner unk.	Joseph Frye,		4	68		200	89
"	House & land occupied by John F. Whetiker,		1			250	1,11
David Webster	Store & lot at the Corner					850	3,77
"	Intervale, Joseph Frye,		6	1	26	650	2,88
"	" John Charles,		5	1	18	325	1,44
"	" John Webster,		4	1	19	475	2,02
"	" Ezra Carter,		3	1	19	475	2,03
"	" Joseph Frye, p't		3	1	7	175	78
"	Upland, John Webster,		2	1	3	125	60
"	" "		6	1	30	150	66
"	" "		8	3	47	300	1,33
"	" Joseph Frye,	2	8	2	21	100	44
"	Intervale	1	1	1	11	275	1,22
"	" Mark Stacy,	3	4		40	200	89
"	" Ezra Carter,		19	1	10	120	53
Lane & Usher,	sup'd o'n'r. S. Frye,		24	1	56	1200	5,33
"	John Russell,		22	1	51		
"	Mark Stacy,		23	1	55		
With the buildings on the same,							
Thos. Farrington,	sup'd owner, Daniel Farrington, N. E. corner,		5	8		80	36
Owner unknown,	Simeon Frye,		4	6	8	20	13
"	Ezekiel Walker,		42	6		20	8
"	Jos. Frye,		41	6		20	8
"	Jos. Hazeltine,		49	6		20	8
"	John Webster,		57	6		20	8
"	Moses Ames,		34	6		20	8
"	John Chandler,		61	6		20	8
"	Moses Day,		27	6		20	8
Oliver Whitney	Mos Day, woods & meadow,				10	100	44
Heirs of Uzah H. Davis,	House Lot near Kimball Brook,					30	13
Owner unknown,	Moses Day,		19	1	10	150	66

One piece bounded on the South East by Lovell Pond, on the North by Lot No. 28, E. Walker, on the South by Abiel Chandler, No. 29, 15 75 33

One piece bounded on the North by Kezer Pond, on the East by Ezra Carter, No. 1, and on the West by Sixth Division, No. 57, John Webster, 5 19 8

One piece South of Saco River, bounded on the South by No. 9, Andrew McMillan, West and North by No. 10, James Hazeltine, and East by No. 14, Andrew McMillan, 15 56 25

All other common and undivided land within the town, 75 33

And unless said taxes with all necessary intervening charges shall be paid to me on or before Saturday, the twenty-seventh day of July next, so much of said land will be sold at Public Auction on said day, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Store of J. O. McMillan in Fryeburg as will discharge the same.

JOSHUA B. OSGOOD, Collector.

Fryeburg, March 30, 1839. 3m 34

Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Solomon Charles conveyed, by deed of Mortgage, dated September 16, A. D. 1828, to the undersigned, ANN A. BARROWS then and now wife of the undersigned, JOHN S. BARROWS, a certain tract or parcel of Land, situated in *Bradley and Eastman's Grant, so called*, now in the town of Stow in the County of Oxford, containing one hundred and fifty acres, more or less. For a particular description of the premises, reference may be had to the *District Registry of Deeds* in said County, Book 12, page 455. The condition of said Deed having been broken, by reason thereof the undersigned claim to foreclose said mortgage as provided by the Laws of this State.

JOHN S. BARROWS,
ANN A. BARROWS.

Fryeburg, April 10th, 1839. 3w36

SOMETHING TO

THINK ABOUT.

PAIN cannot exist but from *Corrupt Particles* being seated in the identical part where the pain is experienced. These corrupt particles when in great volume (quantity) are the *Positive cause of death.*

It is a solemn truth that corruption terminates the existence of all created beings; the importance of its speedy removal from the body, when by any causes it has accumulated, is therefore self evident; not only *Health*, but existence, being absolutely endangered by its existence.

Let us then acknowledge that the only sure means of preventing and curing disease, is the speedy removal of *Corrupt Humors* from the body. *Disease* being only another name for *Corruption*, and *Corruption* or *Corrupt Humors* being specified in all cases as *Impurity of Blood.*

Purgative Medicine, when resorted to in season, that is while there is there is sufficient vitality remaining in the system, will certainly remove corruption; thus the blood is purified; thus chronic diseases and premature death are prevented; thus those whose lives are of the utmost consequence to their country, and families, are often saved.

The importance of this discovery of curing diseases after ages will do justice: Dr. Benjamin Brandreth will not then be styled an 'ignorant pretender.' But that will neither please nor offend him; in the rectitude of his own acts, in the quiet of his own conscience, is his reward. And he gives this his *solemn pledge* that his medicine shall be always equal to what it ever has been; and that no expense shall be spared in its manufacture—and the making of it he attends to personally.

SYNOPSIS OF FACTS.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are universally used in every section of this wide extended country where they are made known. Upwards of fourteen thousand cases of cure have been certified as having been effected solely from their use since the introduction of them into the United States establishing the fact beyond all doubt that the Brandreth Pills cure the (apparently) most opposite diseases by the one simple act of continually evacuating the bowels with them, until the disease gives way; therefore, whatever may be said of the *theory*, the *utility* of the *practice* is now *beyond all doubts.*

Dr. B. allows that the curative effect depends on the *Purgative Qualities* of the *Brandreth Pills*; experience and a continuation of experiment for upwards of forty years have made them the most judiciously balanced purge known. Therefore, however long it may be necessary to persevere with them for the removal of any disease, no other than good can possibly result from their use—they are perfectly innocent.

The healthy as well as those suffering from disease should use them—the former to keep their blood pure and vigorous, and the latter to remove all noxious accumulations without weakening the system. The only care that is required is to procure the genuine Brandreth Pills, and you cannot fail to procure the genuine if you take the following advice:

How to be secure from Counterfeits.

Never purchase Brandreth's Pills without being positively sure that the person selling has an *Engraved* certificate of Agency, and observe it has been renewed; no Certificate being any guarantee after twelve months from date that Pills sold by the holder are genuine.

All Pills having Wm. Brandreth on the label, and George Hodgskinson on the edge, are counterfeits, are to *deceive the Public*, and evade the law at the same time.

These, and indeed, *all* counterfeit Pills, if used according to the directions which accompany my Pills, are calculated to DESTROY LIFE. They are made by men having no standing or respectability, without habitation or name—perfectly careless of consequences, provided money is obtained.

[Extract from Dr. B's Address to citizens of the U. S.]

And be careful to remember that I have never authorized pedlars in the United State to sell my Pills. These contemptible *persons* universally sell counterfeits, and that all Tradesmen who are made agents, have each of them a COPPER-PLATE certificate of agency, signed in writing with a pen by me; and which certificate requires renewal every twelve months, it being no guarantee for more than one year from date—observe the date is not WRITTEN, it is ENGRAVED.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, New York.

Dr. B. Brandreth, has at very great expense, established the following offices for the exclusive sale of his Vegetable Universal Pills, which he begs to be understood shall be always equal to what they have been, and that no expense shall be spared in their manufacture. Thus he guarantees on his honor.

New York, (Principal)—241 Broadway.
Philaadelphia—8 North Eighth Street.
Baltimore—80 South Charles Street.
Boston—19 Hanover Stree.
Albany—Corner of Green and Hudson Streets.
Pittsburg, Pa.—154 Wood Street.
Cincinnati—119 Main Street.
Louisville, Ky.—99 Fourth Street
St. Louis, Mo—56 1-2 Market Street.
New Orleans—3 Old Levee.
Charleston, S. C.—70 Meeting Street.
Montreal—63 Notre Dame.

Sub Agents in Maine will hereafter receive their supplies from the New England Office

19 HANOVER STREET 19

THE ONLY OFFICE IN BOSTON FOR DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,

Or of MR JOHN O. LANGLEY,

Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly authorized Travelling Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furnished with the Genuine Pills. *Buy of them and avoid deception.*

Paris—CROCKER & SHAW.
So. Paris—A. Hall, Jr.
Buckfield—A. F. Cole.
Rumford—Otis C. Bolster.
" Asa Graham.
Dixfield—I. N. & C. Stanley.
Jay—Joel Paine.
Bethel—J. R. Kimball.
Livermore—Britton & Morrison.
" J. Coolidge.
" Kimball & Walker.
Woodstock—Welcome Kinsley.
Hartford—Hall & Haines.
Greenwood—Welcome Kinsley.
Albany—Lovejoy & French.
Turner—Philo Clark.
Norway—Jotham Goodnow.
Lovell—James Walker.
Waterford—Noyes & Noble.
S. " R. H. Gerry.
Sweden—Benjamin Nevers.
Fryeburg—H. C. Boswell.
Porter—John Higgins.
Hiram—Jos h Butterfield.
Canton Mills—J. M. Desbon.
Oxford—Charles Durell.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, N. Y.

Sole proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.

epo1y32

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having disposed of his Stock in trade requests those who have accounts with him to call and settle.

☞ Those whose notes and accounts have been one year standing are *again* reminded that they *must be settled* without *delay* or *further notice.*

FRANCIS BEMIS.

April 11th, 1839. 35

A. K. SHURTLEFF, & CO.,

HAVE FOR SALE opposite Messrs. DANA, SMITH & Co.

2 pipes HOLLAND GIN.
2 Hhds Sr. CROIX RUM.
5 " Im do do
2 half Pipes COGNAC BRANDY.
3 Bas. Im. do do
20 Brs AM GIN & BRANDY.
5 Casks SICILY WINE.
2 do SHERRY do.
2 do PORT do.

PORTLAND, April 2d, 1839. 6wis34.

FOUND.

IN the road near Levi Rawson's, about one mile north of Paris-Hill, the 31st ult., a BEAR SKIN, supposed to have been dropped from the carriage of some traveller. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this Advertisement on application at this Office.

April 1, 1839.

Notice of Foreclosure.

THE undersigned hereby gives public notice that he holds a Mortgage executed to him by Sylvanus Fogg, of Baileyville in the County of Washington, dated the twenty-third day of July, A. D. 1838, of a certain piece of land situated in Hebron in the County of Oxford—being the farm which was formerly owned by William Fogg, for a more full description of which premises, reference is had to said Deed of Mortgage from said Sylvanus Fogg to the undersigned Samuel S. Bicknell, dated as aforesaid and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds Book 54, Page 576.

The said Sylvanus Fogg having failed to fulfill the conditions of said mortgage, the undersigned claims to have possession of said mortgaged premises, for condition broken, for the purpose of foreclosing the aforesaid.

SAMUEL S. BICKNELL.

Paris, April 25, 1839. *3w37

Commissioners' Notice.

WE having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of *JOHN PIERCE*, late of Hiram, in said County, deceased, and whose estate is represented insolvent, give notice that six months commencing the twenty-third day of April 1839, have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend the service assigned us at the Selectmen's Office in said Hiram on Saturday the 27th day of July and the 31st day of August and the 28th day of September next.

Dated this 23d day of April 1839.

BEN BARKER,
JAMES EVANS.

Freedom.

THIS may certify that I have this day given my son JAMES L. SHACKLEY his time, with power to act and trade for himself during his minority; and that I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debt or debts of his contracting after this date.

JOSEPH SHACKLEY.

Norway, April 22, 1839 *4w36

Cheap for Cash!

A. K. SHURTLEFF, & CO.

HAVE for Sale

150 DRUMS SMYRNA FIGS,
40 Boxes LEMONS & ORANGES
25 Casks Malaga & Smyrna RASINS.
50 Boxes do do
25 Half & qr. Boxes do

Portland, April 2d, 1839 6wis34

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.

At a Court of Common Pleas begun and holden at Paris in and for said county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. 1838.

JOHN D. DYER of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Gentleman, Plaintiff, v. Timothy G. Hadley and Henry G. Hadley, both of Denmark, *Traders*, and Benjamin Barker, of Hiram, Esquire, all in said County of Oxford, Defendants, in a plea of the case, in which the plaintiff declares upon a promissory note for seventy dollars and four cents, dated the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1836, payable in six months to one William Dyer or order, and signed by the defendants, and endorsed by the said William Dyer to the plaintiff. It being suggested to the Court that at the time of making and service of the writ in this action, two of the defendants, to wit: Timothy G. Hadley and Henry G. Hadley, were residing out of the limits of this State,

It is therefore, ORDERED, That notice of the pending of this suit be published in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at said Paris, three weeks successively, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court to be holden at said Paris on the second Tuesday in June next, that the said Timothy and Henry may then and there appear, if they see fit, and defend in said action.

Attest—THOMAS CLARK, CLERK.

A true Copy,

[3w36] Attest—J. G. COLE, CLERK.

Mortgagee's Notice.

WHEREAS, I THADDEUS BROWN of Waterford in the County of Oxford, hold a Mortgage, executed to me by John Grover of Bethel in said county, bearing date the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1837, duly recorded in the District Registry for said County, Book 51, page 224, of a certain parcel of land situated in the town of Bethel, aforesaid, and for a description of the premises reference may be had to the said Back and page:—Now, therefore, be it known that the conditions of said mortgage have been broken, and I give this notice for the purpose of foreclosing.

THADDEUS BROWN.

Waterford, April 15th, 1839. 3w36

WHEREAS, I have this day given my sons, Hiford Paine and Jacob Paine, full liberty and power to transact business for themselves during their minority; and I hereby give notice that I shall neither claim their earnings nor pay debts of their contracting after this date. DAVIS PAINE.

Attest—WILLIAM NOYES.

Greenwood, April 17, 1839. *3w36

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE---PARIS.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of lands in the Town of Paris, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed for the years 1837, and 1838, for County and town tax, and deficiency of Highway for the years 1836 and 1837, in the Bills committed to the undersigned Collector of said Paris, by the Assessors of said Town, and remain unpaid as follows, viz:—

Owners Names.		No. of Lot.	No. Range.	No. of acres.	Value. $	Tax for 1837. $
Unknown	South part,	29	4	85	125	1,06
do	North do	4	1	20	225	1,91
do		19	3	119	272	2,31
Wellington Jed-						
uthan	NW part	18	5	40	160	1,36
Unknown	NE do	19	6	80	400	3,40
Benj. Poor	part of 13 & 14	4	4	40	360	3,06

Delinquent Highway for 1836.

Unknown	N part	4	1	90	225	3,37
Jairus S Keith as						
Administrator	W. do	5&6	2	55	400	6,00
do do do	E. do	6	1	45		

For 1838.

Unknown	W. part	7	1	7	40	54
do	S. do	29	4	85	125	1,38
do	N. do	4	1	90	225	2,45
Dan'l Cummings	part of	18	3	5	35	39
Unknown		19	3	119	272	2,99
Ira Hilborn and						
Moses Allen	S. part	2	8	170	100	1,10
Heirs of Cyrus Shaw	W & E do	5&6	2	55	525	5,78
Unknown		15&16	6	90	750	8,25
do		13&14	4	40	360	3,96
do		25&26	2	65	175	1,93
do		25&26	2	65	175	1,93

Delinquent Highway, for 1837.

Unknown	N part	15&16	6	90	750	9,94
do	N E do					
Berry farm so called		19				5,30
Levi Berry, Jr.	S. part	19				1,67

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber on or before the 22d day of July next, I shall proceed to sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the store of Hiram Hubbard, in said Paris, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, so much of said lands as shall be necessary to discharge the same.

LUTHER WASHBURN, Collector.

Paris, March 12, 1839. 31

BLANKS FOR TOWN ORDERS

FOR sale at this Office.

Feb. 26.

NEW GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON BY

J. HOWE & SON,

AT the Store formerly occupied by FRANCIS BEMIS, Esq. on Paris-Hill, a splendid assortment of NEW GOODS, consisting of

Blue, Black, Brown, Green, Invisible Green, Claret and Drab

BROACLOTHS.

Black, Drab, Stone and Mixed KERSEYMERES.

SATTINETTS & BUCKSKINS.

Silk, Satin, White and Buff VESTINGS.

English, French, and American CALICOES, about one hundred pieces.

PINK and WHITE FLORENCE SILKS,

SATINS, &c. And an elegant assortment of

RIBBONS.

Bobinnett and Grecian Lace, Cambrics, Lawns, Edgings, Insertion, &c

Black Lace and Green Gauze VEILS. BONNETTS of various kinds. Fancy Hdkfs, &c.

Bleached and unbleached

Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bedtickings.

Warp Yarn, Batting, Wadding, and Wicking.

Brown & Irish LINNEN Damask Table Cloths, &c.

KID, white and black PIC NIC GLOVES,

Ladies and Gents HOSIERY.

A large assortment of KID SHOES.

Brush and Napt HATS, CAPS, and Umbrellas.

A large assortment of

Crockery, Glass, & Hard Ware.

—ALSO—

W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES.

Together with as large an assortment of articles too numerous to particularize as is usually found in a country Store. Purchasers are invited to call and examine for themselves Terms cash or approved credit.

WANTED, in exchange for Goods at cash prices, all kinds of Country Produce.

April 22, 1839. 36

Land to be sold at Auction.

PURSUANT to License from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford, the subscriber will sell at public Auction on the premises in Canton in said county, on Saturday the eleventh day of May next at one o'clock in the afternoon, unless previously disposed of at private sale, all the real estate belonging to Amos Perley Bradford Martha Drew Brandford, and Sarah Smith Monroe, all minors and grand children of AMOS PERLEY late of said Canton, deceased, and devisees in the last Will and Testament of the said Amos Perley deceased.

Said real estate consists of about fifteen acres of superior meadow land, commonly known by the name of "the Timothy Meadow. About twelve or fifteen acres of the homestead farm on the Northwest corner near the School house. And five acres by measure from off said farm on the South side of the County road, adjoining land belonging to Capt. David Hanley and on the dividing line between the towns of Canton and Livermore, the westerly line of said five acres being parallel with the town line aforesaid.

Terms will be made known at the time and place of sale IRA THOMPSON.

Livermore, April 11th, 1839. 3w35

DOCT. JOHNSON'S

AMERICAN

ANODYNE LINIMENT,

OR

Liquid Opodeldoc,

PREPARED AND INTENDED FOR

Internal & External use;

FOR SALE BY

W. B. GOODNOW,

NORWAY.

THIS article has become a STANDARD MEDICINE, and enjoys the high privilege of being known and patronized by a great portion of the Medical Faculty throughout the State of Maine.

The inventor and proprietor of this preparation was in the regular and constant practice of medicine for twenty years—has been preparing this article for the last fifteen years, and, with full confidence, offers it to the public as the result of his EXPERIENCE and best efforts.

No better remedy can be taken in all cases where an anti-spasmodic is needed; such as hard dry Cough, Hooping Cough, Hoarseness, and common Colds, Pain and Soreness in the Lungs, Stomach and sides, caused by biting or otherwise; for Strangury, Asthma and Influenza; for sore Throat, weak Lungs, &c &c.

Externally it will have the most happy effects in all cases where any other Opodeldoc would be used, especially for Chilblains, Cracked Hands, and sore Lips—There is nothing of equal efficacy to cure for Horses and Oxen, where they are corked, cut, bruised, strained or chafed by the harness, for Ringbones, &c, and it possesses more than double the power of any other Opodeldoc.

Price 37½ cents.

—ALSO—

JOHNSON'S

RED OINTMENT,

A certain cure for the

ITCH, TETTERS, RINGWORM, SCALD-HEAD

and a great variety of Cutaneous Eruptions. Always safe. Price 25 cents.

March 22, 1836. ow3w39

Guardian's Sale.

BY virtue of a License from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford will be sold at private sale, four-fifths of a certain piece of land and Store thereon situated in Turner Village, now occupied by Hiram Clark, being the same that Cyrus Clark late of said Turner, deceased, died seized and possessed, and now the estate of said Cyrus Clark's minor heirs for whose benefit it is to be sold.

JOB PRINCE, Guardian.

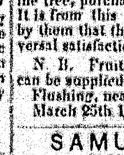
Turner, April 10th, 1839. 3w35

One Cent Reward!

RAN away from the subscriber on the 20th ult. ELISHA DOUGLASS, about sixteen years of age, five feet six inches in height, light complexion, and bound out by the Overseers of the Poor of Mexico All persons are forbid harboring or trusting said boy as I will pay no charges. JOHN G. BARNARD.

Mexico, March 28th, 1839. *3w35

W. W. PEIRCE & SONS



WILL make sales of Trees & Cuttings of the Genuine Chinese Morus Multicaulis, Morus Expansa Alpine, Bronsor Canton and other varieties, delivered to the purchasers immediately or at such period in the spring as is convent to them and will enter into contracts accordingly. Prices and Terms for the Trees and Cuttings will be forwarded to all who may apply for them by Mail, as well as prices of Silk Worms Eggs, Mulberry Seeds, &c. The Multicaulis Trees are remarkably vigorous, and as we first imported the Genuine tree, purchasers are sure of obtaining the true kind. It is from this cause and from the great attention paid by them that the trees they have sold have given universal satisfaction.

N. B. Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Plants & Seeds can be supplied to any extent.

Flushing, near New York.

March 25th 1839. 733

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

PARIS, ME.

All business by Mail, or otherwise promptly attended to